

# Romance on the Battlefield

by TheGifterofGab

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Summary: The walking dead Michonne without...Michonne. Kinda like Metal gear solid. Anyway, Male OC, will try not to go into his physical details or name as much as possible, but takes place a little after Sam is shot. Male OC X Sam Rating will probably change for a lemon. Maybe.

## 1. Chapter 1

Part 1. \_Takes place a little after Sam is shot. Michonne is now replaced with a male OC. (dialogue changed drastically).\_

\_''\_ I'm feeling dizzy...'' I looked over at Sam just in time to see her knees about to give out. I instinctively reached out and wrapped my arms around her before she hit the ground. ''...T-thanks'' she said, barely above a whisper. ''We should talk so you don't end up blacking out on me,'' I said. I was honestly kind of curious to learn more about Sam, considering we only met half a day ago. Even then, she had sort of rugged good looks, and I couldn't really explain why I was so taken with her. But, I didn't want to like some random kid because she had a pretty face, so I tried to learn more about her background. ''My father was a lawyer, so I never won any arguments. My brothers, James and Alex, they looked up to Greg...Oh god, they're gonna be devastated...'' A walker in a varsity jacket stepped out from behind a tree. I took out my machete and jabbed it through it's skull, putting it down.

'' It's- It's too dangerous out here. Dad was right. I shouldn't have left the house...'' She practically mumbled. ''It wasn't your fault...What happened to your brother. You didn't know that would happen.'' I said trying to reassure her. She looked up at me and said, '' That's not what he's gonna think... A-After all...I should've never returned to the ferry...How-how am I gonna tell my dad about Greg?'' I thought about this for a second. After all that's happened, she's still just a kid. I mean, I'm no older, I was barely out of high school before it started. ''I'll handle it. I don't want you to

go through that.'' She looked at me with genuine appreciation, ''Thanks...I-I mean it...'' We had started walking faster, we didn't wanna stay out here any longer than we had too.

''M-Made it...'' As soon as those words were spoken, she passed out. ''Fuck. Sam? Sam, wake up, Sam! SAM!'' Well, this isn't good. I hoisted her onto my shoulder in a fireman's carry. I could see the gate from where I stood. I started to jog forward, as the walkers behind me were started to catch up. I was about 5 feet away when the gate opened, and was greeted by a bayonet attached to a rifle. The shot struck a little in front of me and a woman stood out in front of the gate. ''Don't fucking move!'' She threatened. ''Hey, Hey, Hey! I'm just trying to help this girl!'' I said, putting emphasis to the girl on my shoulder. ''Sam?... What happened to her!? Did you shoot her!?' ' Obviously this woman didn't get her education...''If I did, why would I carry her through a walker infested forest, and risk my life? Now are you gonna open the fucking gate or do you want me to start walking backwards? At least they're more accepting.''

I could see the indecision in her eyes, but as she struck down the walker coming up behind me, I knew it was safe to go inside. As I walked through the gate, one of them got a hold of Sam's leg. I pulled with all my strength, which was running thin at this point, and the woman managed to get the door closed, dismembering the walker's arm. ''Let's go! She doesn't have much time!

I carried her into the house and put her on the coffee table. In the room, I could see two kids, no older than 12, poking at a fire. Seeing their sister passed out on the coffee table, they started to panic. ''Kid, what's your name?'' I asked the one who looked to be the eldest. ''It's- It's James'' ''James, you got a first aid kit?'' I asked. ''K-Kind of, '' What the fuck does he mean kind of? ''Well, get it. Now.'' He scurried off leaving me with Sam. She seemed to be coming to at this point. The look on her face was heartbreaking. ''Sam, whatever happens, I'm-I'm sorry.'' ''I-I understand...Just...If it happens..I trust you to look after James and A-Alex...'' This wasn't good.

The kid came back with the first aid kit. I opened the box and was greeted to pliers, whiskey, and..something else (I never heard of it before this game). I held Sam's hand and looked at her face. ''Sam, just relax and try not to move so I can get this out as fast as possible.'' She didn't say anything, she was probably too exhausted to, but gave me a nod to go ahead. I took off her makeshift cast and looked at the bloody wound. ''Shit...'' I muttered. The bullet obviously didn't punch through so I needed to open the wound to get the bullet out. If we still had anesthesia, this would be fine. I took in a breath and moved my fingers around the wound. I slowly, but firmly started to open it.

## 2. Chapter 2

About 10 minutes later...\_

Well, that was an experience. I picked up the tools, put them back in the first aid kit and checked Sam. Putting my hand on her's, I felt a steady pulse. It seems I was successful, but she won't be using that arm for a week at least. I looked at her face. She actually looked peaceful, sleeping soundly. I sat back in the couch and saw the

worried faces of the group. Her father held her head in his hand. 'Is-Is she going to make it?' This girl was obviously a fighter, I think that's the thing that drew me to her in the first place. Even when I could see the indecision in her eyes and the shaking in her hands when she aimed the pistol at me, I knew she would've shot me if I tried anything. I couldn't believe I was actually falling for a girl I just met and performed impromptu surgery on. What the fuck am I talking about? She would never feel the same, especially after the shit I pulled that got her shot. Man, this guy must be pretty confused as to why I'm just sitting here not saying anything.

'Well, the bleeding stopped, she's got a pulse and with what she's been through, I'm sure she'll be fine.' The man looked at me in confusion. 'You come in my house with my daughter half dead, and the other half is outside my gate right now setting off my traps, so how bout we start by you telling me your nam-' The kid, Alex, spoke up. 'Hey...Where's Greg?' The entire family perked up at this, just now realizing he wasn't there. 'I'm...Sorry. He took a bullet for Sam.' The room was dead silent for about 5 seconds before the two kids started to cry. 'Who shot my son? WHO SHOT MY SON?!' Well, now what should I do? Zachary was still alive, and I have no regrets for that. There are people who deserve to die and people who will be the one to make them. Zachary didn't fall into either category. 'The man who shot him is the same one who shot Sam. We'll find him. You can have my word on that.' Hell, we probably wouldn't need to. Randall's an asshole but he's not stupid. He should be here soon. 'I'm gonna take care of the kids. We're gonna talk later.' And with that, he brought the kids upstairs. The woman who helped me with the surgery was still there though. 'Do you have anywhere we can put her?'

She stood up and spoke, 'Yeah. Can you carry her?' I slung Samantha's right arm around my shoulder and carried her bridal style into the room the woman led me to. 'My name is Paige by the way. Sorry about, you know, almost shooting you...' Little late for that but whatever. 'That's fine. I just hope Sam pulls through...' I thought about it for a second. Why am I getting attached again? When the outbreak started, there was a girl. My sister actually. When the world fell, I swore on my grave that she wouldn't fall with it. I was always a tough kid. I boxed, went to the firing range and was just a good soldier in general. I was gonna enlist but...Nam wasn't a problem now, was it? One day, I came back from scavenging, and opened the door to my safe house which was home to my sister and I. But we weren't the only ones there.

'Come on you whore!' I looked in the direction that sound came from, and immediately heard what sounded like skin slapping against skin. I took out my revolver and opened the door to my sister's room. I was greeted to the sight of two fat fucks standing over my sister's bed and roughly pulling at her hair and trying to pick her up. Those fat fucks had weapons though, and they were big ones. Two shotguns and a 9 millimeter. I silently walked over to the one closest to me, grabbed him by the collar and pulled him away from my sister. Two things happened at the same time. I aimed my pistol at the second one and fired, dropping him instantly. The one I had grabbed and swung his arms up trying to grab my gun and managed to fire his own weapon in his hand. It didn't hit me, though, if it did, I wouldn't be as cynical as I am now. It changed something in me. I feel more cool in bad situations. My humor is a lot dryer than before and I think it's because after what happened next, I just really don't give a shit

anymore. I instinctively moved his hand down, and the bullet fired... Right into the top of my sister's collar bone. I knew she was dead instantly. 'Fuck! Let me go man!' I blamed myself for that, but I had a problem to deal with. I kicked out his shin and he fell to his knees. Nothing was said besides his pleads for his life as I aimed the gu-

'Hey! You still with me?' Damn, how long was that monologue? 'Sorry, what did you say?' I asked. She looked at me suspiciously. 'How did you meet Sam?' I told her about the boat, the signal, the mob jack and getting captured. I left out Greg's death. 'Wow. You put yourself through a lot for my friend...' Hell is she getting at? 'I guess I did...' 'Yep...' Oh, I see. 'Hey, I-' 'Greg!' Paige and I looked at each other, both very confused. 'Greg where are you!?' This really can't be good...

\_Used this chapter to provide some backstory to the oc and why he's a cynical smart ass. Sorry if it's badly written, this is my first story. The last two paragraphs are my least favorite of this entire story.\_

### 3. Chapter 3

'Sam? Are you okay?' I said as I practically ran into her room. 'Vinz! We need to help Greg!' Oh shit. She was starting to get up so I ran over to her bedside and lightly pushed her down. 'Sam...You're hallucinating...Greg is gone.' I think she needed to hear that. When I lost my sister, I kept on seeing her. Everywhere. I wanted to commit suicide, but I knew I wouldn't see her again. You have to get up and fight, forever. It stopped when I finally looked into a mirror and said to myself she was dead, and that nothing will bring her back. But that I needed to get up and fight until this thing stops. 'No! \*sob\*...' Paige looked on with sympathy. I could tell she wanted to say something but was holding back. 'I'll, um, you got this?' I nodded. I understand why she didn't want to interfere with Sam, after all she didn't see the things we did.

'Sam, look at me.' Sam looked up and stared at me directly in the eyes. We must have been there, just looking at each other, for 15 seconds straight until I finally said, 'Greg is gone. You need to understand that. But I know that a brother would want his sister to keep going. Move on, and survive.' Sam didn't have any demons like mine. She never had to bury her sister or kill a man. She never had to kill both her parents before they killed her. She never had to wipe out entire compounds of looters and gangs to eat. It's ironic really. You need to kill to eat and survive just to keep killing. She didn't have memories like mine, but she had her demons. 'It's hard Vinz...It really is...' I could tell she was seconds from breaking down, so I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her. She melted into my arms started crying on my shoulder. I was reminded of my sister, how she would always look up to me, how I was always there when no one else was.

A knock interrupted us. I looked over and saw her father. 'We need to talk.' I followed him outside. 'So, Vinz is your name?' 'It's not my name. Just a pseudonym.' 'The name is John. I guess pleasantries were a little too late but anyway,' He started, 'I'm sorry for earlier. Just, can you imagine what it would be like to see

your daughter dying, and find out that your son is dead and his murderer is still at large?" "Shit! I forgot about Randall! "Uh, well...My sister is gone, my parents are gone, my entire family is dead besides me, so...I guess I haven't gotten to thinking about kids." Probably a bit insensitive, but I went through about the same this guy did. "Yeah...I'm, uh, sorry about that..." I think I should of said that, but hey, he started it. He walked over to what looked like a grave with a gravestone on it. It had hand prints on it, saying "We miss you Mom!" It looks like Sam has lost more than I thought. "Sam never told me about her..." "Yeah, I wouldn't think so after she found her like that." He got up and started walking to the gate. He noticed the arm from the walker before. "Kids don't have to see this." He grabbed the arm and opened the gate. He threw it out and started to sob. What did he even want to talk about? This is getting really awkward. "I'm sorry...I'm just remembering my wife...You protected my daughter so far, so I ask you this. If something bad happens to me, make sure you're there for her." Now that's something I can do. "I'll do it. You have my word. I mean, I hope I don't have to, because I don't want something bad to happen to yo-" BAM! John's face flew the fuck off all of sudden. "OH! OH! SHIT..."

To be fair, he was asking for it. I mean, he could've just thrown the arm over the top. Or just shut the door. Well, I guess it's time to fight. I looked over where the shot came from and saw, of course, Randall and his lackeys. I ran back to the porch and took cover on the small wall. I saw Paige step up to the window and I motioned for her to get a gun. Looking up I saw two of the lackeys and they were both on different ends of the court. I decided to sneak up behind the one on the right, waited for him to be out of sight from the other two, and slashed his throat. As I grabbed his gun, Lackey number two came out and started to pull out a flare gun. He wasn't able to shoot it before I put a shell in him and his choking friend on the ground. I looked back at the garage and saw Paige struggling for the gun against Randall. I took out my knife and ran as fast as I could just in time for Randall to knock Paige on the ground. I tried to lunge at him and stab but he knocked the machete away and aimed. I pushed the gun away from my direction and it shot harmlessly into the air. I threw a right hook knocking him down and got into a top mount on him. I started raining down punches and my years of boxing were finally useful as I could start to see my fists taking effect on his face.

I didn't really know what happened, other than something really hard just put me on my ass. I got up, fighting the headache, when Randall grabbed my arm and started to choke me. I knew his true intentions though, and leaned my body to the left, let my body fall and grabbed his arm to apply a standing arm bar. Paige came out of nowhere and knocked Randall over the head with a shovel. She grabbed him and pulled him to the...thing. It didn't matter what it was because all I knew is that Randall would have a hard pulling the trigger after this.

Randall finally awoke. He tried in vain to get his arms out but he was caught like a rat in a trap. To be honest, I didn't care what he had to say. I just grabbed the lever and pulled it the other way. I could hear the bones in his hand dislocating and crunching. "JESUS! You don't play around...I like that." God, he was egotistical. "Randall? Randall check it now goddammit!" This is gonna be good.

\_The next chapter is not gonna be the end. I will continue after the inevitable siege of the house to maybe the group heading into the city, maybe meet Clementine and Kenny, maybe meet Rick, who knows? I'm crazy so I could think of anything. I could probably find a way for the group to meet the Rugrats if I wanted to. Stay tuned!...\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_Probably the worst chapter. Wasn't much chemistry built between the two, besides a little scene, this entire chapter is pretty badly written, but I really wanted to get this part of the story so I could move on to more chemistry and relationship between the two.\_

'Hello, Norma.' The walkie talkie was silent for a second.  
'...It's you, isn't it...' Good to know I wasn't forgotten.  
'Bingo! Now, what do you want?' I asked. I already knew the answer, but I decided to stall for as much as I could. 'You know what I want. My brother. We heard the shots, we know where you are.' Well, that's great. 'Is that a threat? I'll tell you what. You go back to your fucking docks and I'll send your brother, handcuffed, there. But, you have to promise you'll leave us alone.' It was a risk. Randall could easily lead a bigger group back down here if he wanted, but Norma would be the one to call it off. '...Fine. Did you hurt him?' I pulled the lever again for good measure, earning a scream from Randall, and a crack in his hands. 'Well, when you think about it, did I hurt him or did he hurt himself?' She was gonna find out sooner or later, so why lie?

'You bastard! We'll be there to pick him up soon. He better be in top condition or I'll kill every single last one of you!' And with that, it clicked off. 'Heh, you had a good run...But that all ends when my sister gets here. First, I'm gonna take that wrench,' He nodded to a wrench on the floor. Wait, when did that get there? That wasn't there when we were fig- 'And I'm gonna smash Your skull, then yours, then Sam's and last but not least, those two kiddies inside...' Obviously, this man is a sadist. I grabbed the lever and pulled. I did a complete turn with the lever, I didn't see it but I knew Randall's hands were dust on the inside. 'Fuck you! You're so high and mighty with me trapped, but just two hours ago, you and your girlfriend were begging for your lives!' I would've pulled again, when Sam came in with James behind her. 'Hey, what's happening?' She asked. 'Well, don't you two look like your daddy? Back when he still had-' Randall was cut off by my fist slamming into his face. 'Bring James inside. I need to talk to you.' If someone was gonna tell her about John, it sure as hell won't be Randall.

She left and brought James inside, which gave Paige and I a little bit of alone time. 'You don't understand. This is the world we all will die in. Kids, Adults, elders, brothers, sisters,' I flinched at the word sister. 'And then, they get up, and keep walking, keep killin. And the end of that comes when someone jabs a screwdriver into their skull.' I was done. I grabbed the wrench. 'Do what you think is right. He deserves it... For John.' Paige said. I winded up. Randall was looking calm about the whole thing. I guess he doesn't care what happens, since he thinks we're all gonna die by his sister anyway. 'Do it kid. I got Greg killed. I shot Sam. I even gave Pete a swim in the ocean.' Wait, what? 'Ha, just fucking with

you.'' I swung as hard as I could. Teeth, blood, brain matter and pieces of his skull flew out, landing on the floor. Randall was limp, hanging only by his hands, or what was left of them. I went outside with Paige and bumped into Sam. ''Sam, I need to tell you something.'' This girl lost her parents and her brother. It seems we have more in common than before. ''Your father...He got...' I couldn't do it. I looked at her face and she knew what I was trying to say.

She fell to her knees crying. ''Goddammit, No..NO!'' I grabbed her and gave her another hug. I knew what it was like. The worst part is, was that when I killed them, I never gave them a proper burial. They died, and I just grabbed my sister and left. I never returned. The guilt was just too much to handle, it was one of the main reasons I almost shot myself when I met Pete. If he wasn't there, I would've been just another survivor who guilt caught up to. ''Vinz...Please, don't leave me...I only have two family left...' I wasn't planning on it, but if we didn't prepare for the attack, I wouldn't have a choice. ''Sam, Norma is coming, and I really can't hold up Randall's body and give it to her, so It's time to fight. Not just for me, or Paige, or Alex and James. Do it for your parents. For Greg.'' We have absolutely no firepower. We have Paige, me and Sam, who's injured, so she's out. We would have to escape, but I wasn't gonna let Norma do the same.

\_10 minutes later\_

Paige and I had gotten the guns from Randall's friends and John's room, which contained a vast collection of firearms. Pistols, knives, shotguns, rifles, machine guns and, the best part, Grenades. I don't know how the fuck a lawyer got a Grenade, Paige said something about how the old owner was a war vet, but whatever. I heard a knock on the gate and went over to investigate. ''Norma?'' ''Who else would it be? Open the gate, NOW!'' Jesus, not even a hello. Paige had gone onto the top floor and set up a little sniping hut. I looked over at the window to make sure she had my back, and saw her gesture ''23'' with her hands. 23 vs 2 not the best odds, but...' I thought I said open the gate!'' I pulled the gate open and was greeted To Norma leading a group, all carrying assault rifles. Scanning the crowd, I saw a familiar face. Zachary. I thought for sure Zachary would have left, or gotten killed, but he stayed? ''Where is my brother?'' Zachary looked up at me, his face dripping with guilt. It was now or never. I motioned for Paige and she started firing into the crowd, dropping 3 almost instantly. I pulled my own rifle and started run and gunning backwards into cover. Norma was already running for cover, so I only hit 4 random guys before the group finally realized what was happening and started diving for cover. \_16.\_ Paige was now firing rapidly, she hit two guys behind the fountain and 1 trying to flank me, I aimed at Norma, but couldn't get a open shot. I settled for 1 guy trying to open the house door, probably to take out Paige. He dropped instantly, but he didn't die, he pulled out what seemed like another flare gun, but instead of firing at me, fired at the house. I couldn't get him until after the damage was done.

\_12\_. I didn't know where Sam or the kids had gone, but the fight needed to end now before they got trapped in there. I took out my grenade. Pulling the pin, Immediately panicked, I had never held a grenade, why the fuck would I try this?! I threw it in the general direction the gunfire was coming from. The entire fountain was obliterated. Bodies laid everywhere, about 8 in total, meaning 4

people were left. The house was not looking good. The garage was engulfed in flames, the entire right side of the house was on fire, but I NEEDED to save Sam, whether that mean risking my life or not. I ran into the house ignoring the flames and the new set of gunfire coming from behind me. 'SAM!?' 'Over here!' I looked over by the stairs and saw Sam with James and Alex, both holding a backpack. 'Sam, get outside, the house is going down now. Where's Paige?' I needed Paige out of the house with Sam. If she wasn't, I might die and then Sam and her brothers won't have anyone to defend them. I sprinted up the stairs and into Paige's sniping hut. She looked at me, and I motioned for her to get her things and to get the hell out. I wasn't done though.

I went downstairs and started looking at what was left of the house. Norma needed to die. I was walking through the living room, when two pairs of hands grabbed me from behind. I quickly elbowed one of them in the stomach, causing him to release his grip and allowing me to aim my gun at the other, firing and killing him. The other one didn't last much longer. Norma, hearing the gunfire, ran into the house, which was practically in shambles and came into the living room. I aimed my gun and fired immediately, only to hear a click. \_Empty\_. Norma raised her pistol. Time seemed to slow down. I couldn't run to my right as the fire was still there, and I couldn't run to the left because there's nothing I could take cover in. I closed my eyes.

\_I promise in the next chapter there will be a lot more chemistry built between the two.\_

## 5. Shit

My computer just trolled me hard. Restarted literally a PARAGRAPH FROM ENDING. Chapter might still come out within next three hours.

## 6. Chapter 6

\_Some time in the future...\_

\_She swung and caught him in the nose, a satisfying crunch filled her ears as she connected. Naka didn't even seem affected by it. He grabbed his nose and forcefully moved it back into place, the sound of the bone crunching filled the room again. Sam almost gagged from the noise. Vinz was dead, he had to be. He was her superman, Alex and James' superman, hell, even Paige had a brother-sister relationship with him. But she couldn't lie to herself. If he wanted Vinz dead, that's how it was. She would find out soon, anyway...\_

Back in the present

'So, you shot the right guy this time?' It wasn't so much as a joke, but more of a 'this doesn't make us even, you fuck'. 'I was actually aiming at you, I really need to work on my aim I guess.' I looked over at Norma's slumped over body, blood leaking out of the bullet wound **\*\*in her back\*\***. 'Why'd you come with her? I could've killed you!' Zachary hated Norma and Randall, but **\*\*mutiny\*\*** was a bit far. We sprinted out of the house, the floorboards above us, collapsing from the fire. Sam, sitting outside, looked over and saw me. She ran up to me and probably would've jumped in my arms if not



for the bullet wound. ''Oh thank god! You had us worried fucking sick, running back into a burning fucking house?! What's wrong with you?!'' She slapped me in the face. Hard. ''You could've got hurt! How could you do this to me?'' I smiled. I let my neck relax, our foreheads connected softly. She looked me in the eyes with concern, but that quickly went away. We just stared into each other's eyes again, bringing me back to our time in her room.

I closed my eyes and sighed. Now was not the time for this. I lifted my head up, didn't let her go, but enough to scan our surroundings. I looked over at Paige. We exchanged eye contact and looked at me with a ''We're fucked aren't we?'' look. Alex and James just stood there watching the house burn down. I turned to Zachary. ''Why did you come back?'' I growled. I had a feeling he didn't come back to help me, or make amends. Zach sighed and said, ''Jonas and I have a separate radio channel. Almost Immediately after Randall came after you, a war party showed up. I wasn't there, I was gearing up to come after you, but Jonas was. The fire was under control, but a lot of people were lost, thank you very much. He asked some of our lieutenants, or at least the ones not putting out your fucking fire, about a man going by the name Vinz.''

\_1 year ago...\_

\_''So, what's it going to be then?'' I was getting impatient. When the world fell, groups I like to call ''Urban Superpowers'' rose. These fuckers had mad loads of food, guns and especially women. If there was anything close to a civilization in this world, this was it. I would've felt honored to be talking to this guy, if not for the circumstance. ''Mr. Ariadne this is a very serious offence. A punishment will be in store, you know?'' I knew all too well. Those, fucking, raiders. What were the chances. ''Like I said, it was se-'' ''I understand, but trust me, Mr. Tirano won't. I think you know what needs to happen. This power was to smaller groups like Norma's like The chairman was to the Mafia. If they wanted me killed, it would happen. If they wanted to find me, they could. The next 20 seconds were a blur. The two guards behind me were on the ground in a pool of their own blood, while the lap dog I was talking to had a new eye, if you now what I mean. Lucky for me, the building we were talking in was at the corner of the fence in the 'community'. My arm was limp at my side, one of the main reasons I knew how to stitch Sam up. The bullet hurt like hell as I jumped out of the window and limped into the forest. I knew this would catch up to me at some point.\_

\_In the present...\_

''And if anybody caught him, they would get, heh, 'refuge', in their 'deluxe', homes.'' He grinned, but I saw through it. He could've killed me in the house if he wanted to, so something didn't add up, or he wasn't telling me something else. ''However, if he found out who helped him escape the docks, obviously Jonas and yours truly, they would share the same fate.'' Well, this explains it. We can't stay here then. We need to get to somewhere rural, the groups are mostly based in urban communities so it would be harder for them to travel there. ''I need to go pick up Jonas and get him here. I know a place with a car, we can use that to escape them.'' The group was looking for us, not Zach or Jonas so it should be safe for him to go. ''I'll see you guys back here then.'' And with that he took off.

'I don't like it.' I looked at Paige. 'If she thinks something's fishy, then she's right. Trust me.' Sam spoke, but was mostly muffled from my chest. Then I realized. 'The superpowers wouldn't have someone go after them to kill them. They would get the location and they THEMSELVES would do it. I'm pretty fucking positive Jonas is just as good a fighter as he is a field medic, so it would be incredibly stupid for Norma not bring him along...' As dumb as Zach's plan is, there were 23 people in Norma's war party, all dead except for Zach so what the fuck is Zach thinking. Wait... 'Fuck! Sam, James, Alex, Paige-' There was something approaching, I could feel it. 'We need to scale the wall, far east!' We all scrambled over to the east wall. 'What the hell is going on Vinz?!" I looked at Sam, panic in both of our eyes. 'Zach is-'

'THERE! FAR EASTERN WALL!' Shit.

\_Sorry if the story got convoluted at the end. Trust me, this twist is going somewhere. The flashback scene was gonna be WAY LONGER but, yep, crash. I'll provide more details next chap.\_

## 7. Chapter 7

\_ 'I mean, he's saved my life I can't ju-' 'Sir, you know we at The Firm take good care of clients, do you not?' 'Well, yeah, but-' 'So, why are you trying to justify his crimes against humanity?' 'I-I don't know...Ok. I'll do it.' 'I can see you understand now. Now fuck off, and don't let him die.' \_

Paige got both James and Alex up and over the wall. I gave her a boost and then Sam. I jumped and grabbed at the edge of the wall, hurling myself over. 'Here.' I pulled out a map I had taken from John's home. 'We go around here, and see what we can find.' With that, we sprinted full speed to the direction I pointed to on the map. 'What're we gonna do when we get there?' Sam asked. 'Like I said, we'll look around, see what's there...Look, I wasn't really expecting this.' To be honest, These guys were the last thing I needed. 'We almost got killed! Isn't there somewhere we can go, someone you know that could help us?' Sam obviously forgot something. 'Sam, if it wasn't for you, I might not even be alive. I probably would've offered up my neck to the walkers, or tried to take down Randall's town on my own. Do you not understand, that we both have done each other a lot?' I was in front of her now. 'Who stuck by you when you got shot? Got you out of the town, dug the bullet out, avenged your father and brother...Saved your brothers and their lives?...' I could see a twinge of guilt flash across her face. She opened her mouth to say something, but was cut short by a rustle in the bushes.

I looked behind Sam and saw shadows in the distance. 'Get to the lake I showed you on the map, and take this.' I handed Sam my revolver. I kept it ever since I killed the guard from my meeting with lap dog. Paige gathered up the two kids and started making her way to the river. 'What the fuck are you waiting for? I gave you your invitation, GO!' Sam didn't say anything but ducked down and walked into the bushes, crouching down. Fuck it. We'll be fine. I hid in the bush, turning my rifle upside down to make a club. I looked up. I could see about 6, but then again, it was almost pitch black so I couldn't really tell. One of them was around my bush, I could hear a twig snapping. I reached out towards the sound and grabbed a hold

of the man's collar, tugging him into the bush. I had the element of surprise, and was able to knock the gun out of his grip. Taking my rifle, I wrapped it around his throat, choking him. He was almost completely limp, when I heard another one behind me. I reached out with one hand, grabbing this guy's fallen gun, but still keeping my other hand on the rifle, and aimed it in that direction.

I took a shot, and knew I hit when I heard the man's body collapse on the ground. The guy I was choking was definitely dead, but the rest of them most likely heard me. Noises were all around me, and I assumed they knew I was in the bush. I could see flashlights center on the bush I was in. I aimed the gun where the flashlights seemed to be coming from, and sprayed in that direction. I dropped two flashlights, when the bush was fired upon. That was fine, fire and maneuver. There were two left, no problem. I could see them now, so I sneaked up behind the first one and shot point blank in his back. I was gonna waste the second one, when Sam fired from her position, lodging a bullet in his chest, and dropping him. I grabbed a flashlight and aimed it at Sam. She stepped out and came up to me. 'Why didn't you leave? I promised your father I'd keep you out of harm's way.' To be fair, it's not like he'd be mad. 'I-I just...wanted to fight?' What? 'You wanted to fight? When I was boxing, I also wanted to fight, but not risk my fucking life, you could've died!' Well, everything we've done so far could've killed us, so it's not like it's changing anything.

'Fuck you, Vinz! When my father died, I swore to myself I'd get the bastard who did it. I did the same with my brother, and that hasn't come true yet, has it?' Well, I can't just go back to the house and have her wail on Randall's corpse. '...Fine. You wanna fight? Sure. But don't blame me when you catch another bullet.' Who cares anymore. She can shoot. Probably. 'Thank you. Was that so hard?' Yeah, but whatever. 'Here. You wanna know what I wanna do?' I took out the map again and aimed my flashlight at it. 'I knew a guy. Floridian like myself. If I had to bet, he'd be going there next. If we can find a car...Maybe a boat, we could go down there and meet up with him.' I met him once in Georgia. We were good friends, but got split up in an attack. Wherever he went, I'm sure he'd help us. Sam looked at me. 'Before we go, I want you to be honest with me. Why did you stay?' Should I tell her? 'I mean, I promised your fath-' 'No. Before that. Help me to my house, stuff like that...' 'Sam. I like you. A lot. I ran away from a lot of things in life, but I don't want to make you one of them. I don't know where you and I could be headed, but I want to be there with you. You get it now?' It felt good to let that out. After all this time holding it in. Sam came close, leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek. 'Okay. Let's go to Florida.

\_Talk about development hell, Jesus Christ. Writing this chapter, it would've played out 5 different ways, 3 involving a major character death. In fact, if my computer didn't fuck up this chapter, one of those would've happened, and the story would be going in a COMPLETE different direction. But anyway, let's go to Florida!\_

## 8. Chapter 8

\_I smashed open the door, hitting him in the face and putting him on the ground. He was dazed long enough for me to mount on top of him. I sat on his chest, raining down punch after punch, and sending blood

all over the room. I could feel her pulling at my back, trying to get me off of him, but I just pushed her hands away and continued hitting his face. I stopped for just a second to catch my breath, and saw the absolute destruction of his face. The upper part of his nose was tilted to the left and the bottom part was tilted to the right. His lip was busted open and bleeding heavily. His right eye was shut and swollen badly, while his left was just barely open. Blood was starting to come out of his ears, meaning I had done some bad internal damage. He had minutes, if he was lucky. I wasn't gonna wait to find out. I stood up, drowning out Sam's screams and pulled my revolver, aimed it at his head and fired—

We had been walking for...Fuck, at least an hour now. There, in the distance, I saw a house. Small, but a place we could probably rest our feet. 'Let's get over there...' We arrived to the house, seeing it was actually a house to a farm. To our surprise, there was actually horses and Cows, along with other animals. Pigs, chickens, and plants. Someone lived here. 'Stay here, I'm gonna check this out...' I stepped up onto the porch and knocked on the door. Within seconds, the door opened. A black man, about my height stood in the doorway. 'Did you knock at my door?' 'Well, yeah.' 'The fuckin' dead has risen, people are killing each other, cats and dogs are living together, and you're knocking on people's fucking doors?' He stepped into full view and I could see the rifle in his hands. 'Listen, my group and I were wondering if we could stay here for a couple minutes; rest our feet and such...' I jabbed my head behind me, showing Sam, Paige and the kids. 'Uh huh. And how do I know you people aren't gonna come inside and splatter my brains all over the wall?' 'Well, by the sounds of it, you don't seem like you have much of it anyway. If you did, you would've shot us as soon as you opened the door.' He brought the rifle up, but I was prepared. I pointed it down to the ground and headbutted him in the face. Not too hard, I didn't really want to hurt him that bad. He released his grip on the gun, and I handed it to Sam, who was following behind me, gun at the ready. 'You gonna cooperate now?' He held his hands in the air as he spoke, 'Ha, like she'll shoot me! If I didn't think she was scared, I would think she was having a fuckin' seizure!'

He wasn't wrong. Sam's hands shook as she held the gun. It brought me back to the beginning...Actually, what if-'Listen, old man! All we want is to just rest for a couple minutes, and I swear, I will shoot you if you try anything!' I laughed internally at that. Sam was tough, but not like that. I felt like I just heard a kid trying to act like an adult in front of her friends- Hey, wait a second-'Well, it doesn't seem like I have a choice now does it? I ain't stupid. Just, don't damage anything.' He looked at me, 'And that includes my face, thank you very much!'

—...—

I sat on the porch thinking. Sam and the rest sat inside, on the couch. I heard the door behind me open, and the man walked out and sat next to me. 'Quite a group you got.' 'Yeah, I know, it looks like a circus act. Or a family that lives with a white picket fence.' We shared a laugh, and he held out a hand. 'Richard.' I took his hand and shook it. 'Vincent.' He wasn't an old guy. He looked about 30-40 and was, as anyone who works on a farm, well-built. 'So, where you guys headed?' 'Where's anyone headed? Only one place we all are gonna end up in...Florida.' He looked up with surprise. 'Damn, grew up in Coral Springs. Wonder what it's

like now...' An awkward silence took up. Finally, he spoke up. 'You like her, don't you?' Fuck, that came from nowhere. 'W-What, what? Why would I, like, why would you think that?' Jesus, I'm sure Jeffrey Dahmer could've given a better defense. 'Hahaha. I could see the way you two looked at each other when you were sitting next to each other on the couch. That why you came outside?' Well, yeah, but let's avoid that. 'Doesn't matter what I think of her. We've both been through hell and back... Ain't like I can get a wedding ceremony. I guess chivalry is dead.' 'Nah, come on man. You know who says that?'...Is he actually asking me? 'What? I-I don't kno-' 'PUSSIES! That's who! Are you a pussy Vince?' 'Well no, but-' 'So, what the fuck man!? God, you want me to tell you about the birds and the bees also? Jesus.'

'Hey, speak up Rich, I don't think New York heard you.' This fucking guy. 'You think I didn't see the shit you pulled? I was watching you. Saw you handle Naka's men. Made it back before you did. I mean, you can take out his fucking military trained mercenaries, but you can't admit your feelings to a girl? God, gonna make me fucking kill myself.' God, what are you my dad? 'Alright! I fucking get it. Jesus. Come on, let's go inside.' I stood up with Richard and headed inside. 'So Rich, anyone else with you?' 'Used to, but I've been doing fine on my own. They all died, so I guess I wasn't able to find another friendly group.' 'Well, I didn't think I-' There was a knock at the door. All of us looked at the door, and then at the couch to see if anyone went outside and was trying to get back in. 'I guess I'll get it.' I walked to the door, pulling out my pistol, and looked through the hole. I didn't actually see anything, so either it was covered up from a long time ago, or someone didn't want me to see who was outside. I motioned behind me for the group to get ready. Sam, Paige and Richard leveled their guns at the door, and I slowly turned the knob. I pushed it open to-...nothing. Huh, guess we were just-

...Ugh...The fuck hit me? 'Ello, Lads!' A man in a white shirt and vest appeared in the door way. 'I'm Jimmy!' He spoke in a cockney accent, and I would've shot him, if he wasn't pointed the barrel of a shotgun in my face. 'What the fuck are you doing in my farm!? Are you from Naka!?' Richard yelled. 'Nah,Nah,Nah. You see, I've been following this man for a while, it was quite impressive with what you did to Tim.' Tim? 'Tim?' 'Tim.' 'Tim...' 'Tim and his men.' 'Okay...I don't know who that is.' 'Naka's lap dog, the guy who you killed in the office, when you killed the blokes trying to kill your sister!' Oh! That guy. 'Yeah, yeah...What the fuck do you want?' 'Well, just want to let you, some more fucking Lap dogs, are coming your way right now!' Thanks, like I couldn't have guessed that. 'Well, are you gonna fight with us?' 'Oh yeah, sure, but only if you let me stay in your group!' Who the fuck is this guy!? 'Whatever. Just fight with us.' 'Sure mate! Finally I get to hang out with the popular kids!' He extended a hand and helped me up off the ground. I dusted myself off and looked at the group behind me. 'Richard, you good with that rifle?' I pointed to the gun in his hand. 'The best.' Okay, set up somewhere. And warn us before they get here if you see something.' I pulled him aside for a second. 'Are you gonna stay with us?' 'What do you mean?' 'If you're as good as you say, we could use you In Florida...' He thought about it for a second. 'Ain't a bad idea to see what they done with the place...And I like you Vincent. Sure.' I extended a hand and shook it firmly. 'Jimmy-' 'Yeah, Yeah, don't worry about me, mate, I got this.' He left the house and I guess turned around into the

backyard. 'Paige, go set up with Richard.' 'On it.' She followed Richard upstairs. 'Sam, Alex and James, follow me outside.'

I opened the back door, allowing Alex and James out, but pulled Sam aside. 'How's your arm?' 'It's fine...When do you think I could use it again?' 'I'm hoping now. Do you think you can handle it?' She looked at her arm. 'I mean, maybe...' I stepped a bit closer. 'Sam, you've been through hell in literally a day, you need to do one more thing before you can leave it.' 'I need to teach you something.' I took the revolver and pointed it at me 'Here. Shoot me.' 'What?' Her hand started to shake. I grabbed it and held her still. 'You need to learn to shoot. Whether it be Naka himself, or James, you need to know how to pull the trigger. If one of us turns, I want to know you can pull the trigger. Don't worry, I trust you.' 'I don't understand...' She was on the verge of crying now. 'It's okay...No matter what happens, it's gonna be alright.' She pulled the hammer down. She was crying softly, not sobbing, but tears were streaking down her face. This was the same thing that happened to my sister. Her finger got tighter and tighter on the trigger. I could almost see the hammer ready to go. But she stopped. She pointed the pistol down. 'I can't, I can't...' I smiled. 'You should know me better Sam.' I put my hand on her cheek. She looked in my eyes, and I moved in closer. Our lips touched, and our eyes closed. For a moment, it didn't even matter that the world was hell, or Naka's men were coming. She wrapped her arm around me and the kiss intensified. Right then and there, everything was perfect. I found love in the apocalypse. Everything was so perfect in fact, that I barely heard Richard yelling from the top floor. I broke the kiss. 'It's go time. And by the way. Since you didn't shoot me...' I reluctantly let go of her and picked up the revolver. I placed the barrel at my temple, and pulled the trigger.

\_I know some of you are confused by the ending, but don't worry, it's not as bad as you think. A wise man once said, 'Don't shit where you eat, but if you really want to, at least make it suspenseful, and make it make sense... Oh also, put the money in the basket, we need it pay our taxes- oh wait, the government is kissing our ass... Fuck it, give it to us anyway.' That's how it went right? Oh well. See you in the next chapter.\_

## 9. Chapter 9

\_ 'I see how it is. I clean up after you, and when I'm done, I'm joining him?' 'No, man, that's not what I meant!' 'What did you mean Vince? You split his fucking head open!' 'I'm not sayin anything, and I appreciate all you did, but I don't know if you'll keep your word. That's why I need your help with this!' We turned to the guy sitting on the chair, tied up and gagged. 'This guy is a fucking cop! They find out we did this, we're going away for a long time!' 'It's not like you're gonna pull the trigger! No one's gonna miss a dirty cop, so what I'm asking is for you to give him a bath, if you know what I mean...' We've been friends for a long time. Even before the outbreak. He was like a second father to me. He knew my father, so he was like a uncle, if an uncle was con artist and a burglar. At least, before his wife and kid came into play. Kenny helped me clean up Eric, but this cop was a bit too friendly with his father, and even more friendly with his mother. I lifted up the revolver and pointed it at the cop.\_

\*Click\* The gun clicked harmlessly. 'Why would you?...' She started, obviously confused. 'I wanted to know if Norma was right...' 'Hey, Cock breath! I like your ominous ending, but Naka's men are coming, so if you want to start coming to, how bout you get your ass a gun! Jesus...' I turned around and saw Jimmy leaning around the corner from the front. He tossed me an AK and two clips. Ninety bullets. 'Wait...You gave me one bullet for the revolver?!' 'Oh yeah, I mean, You didn't need it anyway... Fine, this has bullets in it.' I handed her my 9mm. 'Protect the kids. And yourself...' She gave one last quick kiss and ran off after them. 'Horn dog, Are you ready?!'

Jimmy and I were gonna take the front line. I looked over the horizon, and saw something incredible. 'My god...They got a car!?' Jimmy asked in disbelief. 'Richard said they were in one, but I didn't think he was serious...' 'Pull yourself together! Some assholes are in our car, we should take it back, right?' I rested the AK on the porch wall and took aim. 'Jimmy, don't fire at the car, hit them when they get out.' 'I'll take the one on the left, you get the one on the right.' It was risky. We could hit the passenger side, and the back right door, if we weren't careful. They stopped about 100 feet from the porch, and the two stepped out almost immediately. We fired simultaneously, hitting our targets. Wait...What the fuck? Two more stepped out, okay, I guess. 'Alright, hit em again.' As if expecting, they ducked down, and the bullets flew harmlessly over them. Well, not harmlessly, they hit the passenger side window.

They were...robotic. They aimed at the same time as each other, shot at the same time...What are these guys? They must be some sort of special operatives kind of people. It seemed for every guy we took out, another would step out of the car. They were making advancements to the house, even with Richard and Paige picking them off and Jimmy and I firing into the very large crowd. You know...They're not showing skin... Mirror shades, all black clothing, ski masks, and gloves. 'Jimmy, we should get back inside...' I started to move, when Jimmy pulled me back down. 'Fuck that, mate! Here, I was holding this for a special occasion...haha...' He reached into his back pocket and pulled out...a bottle of scotch? 'Wrong special occasion Jim.' 'Shut up. It's gasoline.' He tore off a piece of his sleeve and put it into the bottle. He then took out a lighter and lit the rag. 'Where did you even get all this stuff? You just pulled a bottle of gasoline from your fucking pocket.' He didn't respond, instead he took aim and ducked down. 'Keep me cover until they get closer.' I took aim with my own weapon and let loose into the squad of people, firing 30 bullets in a matter of seconds.

Actually...They don't even seem to be...in pain? I mean, they were flinching, but the non-kill shots weren't even stopping them in their tracks. It's like they were on a runway. At about 30 feet from the house, I decided to throw it. 'Here, gimmie!' I grabbed the bottle and hurled it in their direction. It landed a bit on the side of the middle of the group, which is good considering how it got most of the left side of the group. Okay. What the fuck? They were dying, but they weren't even dying right! They didn't scream, they didn't flail around, they didn't even fucking run. They just sort of collapsed. What is this?! I took aim at the now smaller group, only for the gun to click. I grabbed Jimmy's, only to find it in the same problem. No more ammo. Great. Rich and Paige are still firing though, so that's something. 'Unless you got another, let's get inside!' I pulled

Jimmy up and into the house. 'Fuck. Got any ideas?' 'Of course mate!''...'Well, what is it?! We're about to die, stop fuckin around!'' 'My bad. Here!'' He lead me to the kitchen and grabbed a knife from the holder. 'You grab one too!'' I grabbed a big one, not that I see what's going on. 'What are we gonna do with this?'' 'We wait.' 'Vinz! Come here!'' We ran upstairs to Rich. He pointed outside. 'They're dropping their guns!'' I looked out, and it was true. They're guns were scattered on the ground, and the guys started to get up onto the porch.

'Don't worry, I knew this was coming. Come with me, it's time to fight!'' Jimmy, almost too enthusiastically, rushed down the stairs, just as I heard the door give away. They rushed at us, but I had enough time to get my knife up, and plunge it into the closest one. I started just swiping, and stabbing, one after the other. I couldn't see Jimmy, but I could hear guys dropping from his direction. I'm having the time of my fucking life right now! Fucking dropping all of you motherfuckers! Bodies are falling fucking everywhere! Blood is...Not going anywhere? What? Where is? I ignored it and continued fighting on. The group was very small, about 15 people now, so I could see Jimmy. Really fucking weird how all these guys were in ONE car...Jimmy was just destroying EVERYTHING. In about 10 seconds, he ripped through 7 different people, versus my 3. The fifteen were all dead in FIVE seconds. About 45 people were all over the ground. Couldn't walk more than 2 feet without stepping into something. And guess what? No blood. This weird fucking Patrick Swayze ghost shit is really pissing me off. What are these guys? Better question, why didn't they just shoot me? 'Good Job Vince! That was fucking BEAUTIFUL! And we got a car!'' He was practically jumping with joy. 'Come on mates! It's time to go!'' He yelled throughout the house. I left and went into the backyard, seeing a little shed. She's probably in there.

Here, just open this...There...There. 'Are you guys alr-'' \_CLACK \_Ah! What the- What the fuck was that!? God my chest is on FUCKING FIRE! AHFFF! Did I get shot?! 'Vinz? Vincent! Are you okay?!'' Oh god, is that Sam...She sounds so far... 'Paige, Richard! Jimmy! Anybody! Get over here!''...'Alex, go get help! James stay here!''...'Is Vinz gonna be alri-'' 'Just-...Here hold this! I need to-...' "Vince? Vince! Is he okay?!"...'Sam, what happened?! Sam?! Talk to me!'' 'He-I...I didn't know-...Oh god, Vincent, Please don't die on me!''...'Vinz? Mate, are you still with us? Shit. Grab him, and his shit, help me carry him to the car, Now!''...'MMPH-''...'Did you shoot him?!''...'I didn't mean it! \*\_Sob\* \_Why did-...''

'Here! Open the door! Backseat!''...'Do you know...'' 'I think so, but...''...'Richard go grab some of the guns, put em in the trunk, I grabbed the keys, Sam...''...'Do you rememb-...''...'I got as much as I...''...'Vinz...You promised...\*\_Sob\*\_...'

...

'Hey big bro!''

\_Yeah, you like that? I know you like that! Shout out to Volonja for giving me a sweet idea, Thanks man!\_



\_'Explain yourself, young lady!'' 'Dad he-' 'I don't wanna hear what he did, I wanna hear what you did.' 'He was just being a pervert! Asking me all these questions, getting close to me and stuff like that!'' 'That's not what your school told me, and second, what gives you the right to attack him?!' Her hands were clenched now. Samantha was a smart kid, honor roll, Straight A's, but she was also a trouble maker, and a fighter. She never wanted to show it, as she felt violence was just not for her, but she wouldn't be afraid if she had to. After years of fighting, doing it in high school wasn't a problem, man or woman. John, on the other hand, was a complete pacifist. Would turn the other cheek, and then turn his back to you. He was only a fighter verbally, which helped him in his lawyer profession. Unfortunately for John, the kid Samantha punched was the privileged silver spoon child, of one of his fellow attorneys. Bad luck, Samantha guessed. They'd see how it would get resolved.\_

'W-What?' 'Don't act like you don't remember me!' 'Chrissy...' I felt like I was gonna vomit. I looked around, but it was kinda like looking into...nothing. It was like being put under with anesthesia, but not fully there, you know? 'So, what is happening? Am I dead?' I tried to look at her, but I just...Can't. 'Not exactly. Being dead isn't like what you think. You're having what we call a, 'After death experience'.' 'So I am dead?' I couldn't be. It wasn't possible. 'No,no,no. We call it after death, because you're seeing what we're gonna see. It's like you're watching a T.V. When someone close to you almost dies or has died, you can get some talk with them. You see, when you're born, if you have a sibling, you connect a bond with that person, literally, by blood. It means a lot more than you think.' 'So, what do you wanna tell me?' 'Get up. Keep going. The world's only as bad as you make it. You need to do this for her. I really like this one, Vincent...' 'Wow, thanks sis. Yeah, Like I wasn't gonna do that, or didn't know it all already. I told you I was always the smart one.' 'Hey, fuck you, I could just pull the plug and fucking kill you now if you want. You want that?' 'No...' 'Yeah, you talk different now, don't you? Fuck off, make me proud.'

'Pliers.' Oh shit, I think I know what is happening- AHHHHHHHH! FUCK! 'MOTHERFUCKER!' I jolted up knocking Rich and Sam back. 'Hey, what the fuck is going on back there? I just had a fucking heart attack, Jesus Christ!' Thanks, Jimmy. Glad he's concerned about my help. 'Paige help me hold him down!' Paige and Rich grabbed onto my shoulders and pinned me down. 'Just hang on Vinz!' I could make out Sam's voice through the ringing in my ears. Oh my god! The pliers went back the fuck in, AUGH! FUCK! 'It's out!' My chest is split the fuck open, no doubt. 'We need to cauterize the wound!' This is really ironic that I'm being operated on, by the person I operated on. 'Here!'...'Is this gonna work?'...'Nothing else we can use!' Wow, that's great. Sounds like it's going fucking swimmingly. \*Click\* There not gonna use a fucking lighter right?... 'Alright. Take it from me, this will really hurt!' It got closer to my skin, and I could feel the heat radiating from the lighter. It made contact with my skin, and holy fuck did that hurt. It was a lot more weaker than the poker, so this will take longer. After five seconds, I lost my fucking mind and was ready to kill someone. After ten seconds, My arms were starting to get loose. After fifteen seconds, it was both done, and I got loose. Without thinking, I uppercut Rich in the chin, and pushed Paige into the car window.

'Hey Hey Hey! It's done, it's done!' I looked over at Sam. 'Why is your sling gone?' Her arm was free now, and the wound looked like it healed very nicely.

'Hey, assholes! What the hell is going on back there? Fuckin' sounds like you hit the window with a bat, Jesus.' 'Fuck you, and fuck your lighter. Where are we headed?' I looked around the van. James was in the front passenger seat, with Alex in the back. There was enough space in the back, if you put the seat down, to do the operation. 'Florida, where ya think? We're coming up to Atlanta, I believe.' I looked at the window, and saw the city. We were on the main road, when I saw something. 'What is that over there?' I pointed at the window to the right, and the others looked to where I pointed. 'It looks like a herd...I think...they're migrating.' 'Say that again, Rich?' 'Fucking migrating...' 'The cold? It's the cold isn't it? Can handle twenty shots to the chest, but a little cold, makes them cry.' 'Fuck this planet.' 'What the fuck is this?!!' We looked towards Jimmy, just in time to see two black vans come around the corner. Jimmy swerved to go around them, when two motor cycles came out of a fucking alley. 'Fuck, okay, Vinz, take this, and Sam point this at the bad guys this time.' Jimmy tossed Sam a Beretta and me, a Uzi. Only one clip, great. Paige and Rich still had their respective rifles.

I pulled open the back door with Rich's help, and let loose with my Uzi, spraying the windshield of both cars. In seconds, my ammo was out, but one of the vans crashed into a pull on the side of the road. The other van, however, was gaining on us. 'Rich, take the sh-' Sam broke through the two of us, and fired towards the tire. It shot open, causing the van to lose control quickly and crash into the side of a building. 'Damn, Vince, you got a keeper!' 'Come on, there's still the bikes left!' Sam pulled me towards the front of the car. 'Jimmy! Pull us along side one of them!' I had a plan. Jimmy got right next to one of the bikers. He pulled out a Sub Machine Gun, but I pushed open the door, knocking him off balance. Before he hit the ground, he grabbed onto my leg, and tried to get his gun up. I kicked his gun, not making him lose it, but enough to get it back down, and pulled him into the car. As soon as he was in, he punched Sam square in the face, and me in the side of my chest. He had fucking done it now. 'Rich!' I threw a straight, into his throat, distracting him enough for me to pull off his helmet. Rich came up alongside of me, and smacked the butt of his gun into his temple. I grabbed his gun, and kicked him out the car. Sam was definitely rocked from that, dazed at my side. It seemed his cross, hit her in the temple, a feeling I knew very well. 'Paige! You got it?' Paige aimed out of the back seat at the other biker. 'Sam? Are you with me?' I had my hand on her shoulder trying to straighten her and hold her still. When you're rocked, your mind draws a blank, and your world spins for a minute. I looked over at Paige, and with her rifle, she was firing at the biker. He was doing a great job of wasting her ammo. 'Vinz, I can't hit em!' The biker pulled out his gun, and fired into the windshield. Jimmy and James got down just in time, as glass flew everywhere, the dashboard, the floor, everywhere.

'Goddammit! Vincent, handle it!' 'Well, get me along the fucking side of him them!' Once the biker stopped to reload, Jimmy sat up, and sped up the side of the biker. 'Why can't I just hit him?' 'Don't waste the guns!' As soon as he was next to us, I kicked the door open and grabbed his gun in mid air. He did too, sadly, and propelled off his bike into the car. Paige grabbed the gun as soon as

he was in, but he charged into Paige. shoulder first, knocking the gun out of her hands. Rich had tried to level his rifle, but the guy grabbed the gun, pushing it away from him, and knocking the top into Rich's face. I grabbed the biker from behind and wrapped him into a choke hold. 'Sam, the helmet!' Sam reached out and grabbed the helmet, but the biker smashed his head back, causing for me to break the hold. Sam was able to grab the helmet off, and immediately swung it into his face. I got up and grabbed him from behind, pulling him back down. Sam grabbed the Beretta, aimed, and deposited one in his head. I opened the door and let him out, making sure to keep the gun. 'Good job, mates! And during all that, we're out of Atlanta!' I looked outside the now broken windshield, just as we exited the city. 'Who the fuck were those guys?' Rich asked. 'No doubt Naka's men.' 'That slag won't rest till he gets his hands on us!' 'Yeah...Just fucking drive Jimmy.' I looked around. Alex had been hiding under seat, and James looked shell shocked from that entire encounter. This was a bad day.

\_20 minutes later...\_

I awoke in the back seat. I looked around, and saw The kids were now sleeping the back seat, Paige was in the front seat, and Rich was also in the back seat looking around. I was in the back-back. I don't really remember falling asleep, but I saw Sam in my arms. It looks like we fell asleep together. As we laid together in the back I felt something. It was just this wave of protectiveness, and nervousness, and...Love. It doesn't seem...Like...right. I shouldn't feel this way. No...No, I remember this. It was like when my sister and I were together, I knew I had to protect her with my life, and...well.. yeah we know what happened. I'm still gonna lay here a little longer though. 'What the hell?...' I looked up and saw Jimmy and Rich looking out the windshield. Being the only 3 up, I got up, being careful not to wake Sam, and moved through the car to see what they were seeing. 'Vince, look.' I looked out and saw what looked to be a checkpoint. But those weren't still in use by soldiers. 'Should I stop?' 'Seems like our only option.' Jimmy slowed down to a halt, and I could see three figures coming out from a little, what looked like a toll booth. They walked up to our window. 'Jimmy-' 'Yeah, I'm packed.' 'So am I.' 'Okay. Get ready.' The guy walked up, jeans, jacket, and Do rag on his head. 'Who the fuck are you and why are you here?'

\_I think this is my longest chapter, and goddamn was it fun to work on. I'm gonna work on more backstories for Jimmy, Paige, and Richard in the next couple chapters.\_

## 11. Chapter 11

\_ 'Yeah...No...Yeah, she won't go near him...okay..Thank you so much...Okay...I'll see you Tuesday...Okay...Bye.' John hung up the phone. 'You're lucky. He's not pursing anything, but you are not to go near him-' 'I know, I know, I won't even look at him, I got it.' 'I wasn't finished, You are grounded for a month.' 'What?! But, I'm not even at fault!' 'I don't care! You don't use violence, no matter what.' She stomped up the stairs to her room and slammed the door shut. She was trying her hardest not to cry. 'Fuck this!' She opened her window, making sure her door was locked, and stepped out onto the roof. She watched the people on the sidewalk. Two kids playing tag. Four teens playing pick-up basketball. Two guys walking

to a van with a carpet. Were there legs hanging out of that carpet? Fuck it. She jumped off the roof, landing safely and sprinted down the street. She might as well go hang out with her friends. Her dad was going to work soon, so she would be fine. She ran around the block, right into someone. 'Oh, I'm sorry!' She stepped back, dusted herself off, and looked at the person.\_

'We're seeking refuge in Florida...' Rich answered. 'Names?' 'I'm Vincent.' 'Jimmy.' 'I'm Richard.' 'Those kids in the back are Alex, James, Paige, and Sam.' He eyed us suspiciously. 'Big group. Why the fuck do you wanna stay here?' 'Well, I'm trying to find out if my friend is still alive. If he is, we were gonna stay by the coast.' I'm not gonna really do that, but I don't want this guy coming to find us later. 'I see. Do you know who I am?' What the fuck kinda trick question is that? 'No...' 'Step out of the car please.' What? 'Why?' 'I'm gonna check you for bites. After that, you can go.' What does this guy care? What the hell happened here? Got fucking border patrol, is Florida actually civilized? 'Alright. Hey guys, wake up!' The entire group was awake now. 'Let's step out, he's just gonna check us for bites.' Paige, Sam, and Alex stepped out immediately. 'Don't worry, they won't see it...' I looked over at Sam. She was whispering into James' ear. Won't see what? 'Excuse me!' The guy put some emphasis on his weapon, waiting for Sam and James. They both stepped up, so we were all in front of the car. The other two guards came up behind the guy, and one pulled out something. Sorta looked like a bulky landline phone. 'I'm gonna put this against your neck, gonna tell me if you're infected or not.' How the hell do these guys have this? What am I getting us into? He came up to me first, then Jimmy, then Rich, Then Paige, then Alex, then Sam. As he stepped over to James and put the thing on his neck, Sam pulled the pistol and fired into the guy's head.

Well, what the fuck was that?! It was going well too! I charged the guy ahead of me, knocking him down. Rich pulled a little revolver and fired into the other guy's arm. It didn't kill him, though, and he pulled his own and fired into Jimmy. Jimmy was knocked back from the shots, and fell to the ground. Rich fired another shot, into the chest, killing him. I grabbed my own guy's gun, and wrestled it towards his head, firing, and killing him. 'Well, what the fuck was that shit?!' I yelled at Sam. Jimmy got up, miraculously, guy had to have taken 3 bullets to the chest. 'I'm fine, mates. Just a scratch.' I walked over to the fallen guy, Sam shot. I picked up the device and looked on the screen. '\*\*POSITIVE' \*\*Positive? I put the device on my own neck, and it somehow worked. I looked at the screen, which read, '\*\*NEGATIVE' \*\*Well, I know I'm not infected...' That's really not fucking good.' Rich said, looking over my shoulder. 'Nope. It's really not.' I said that more to Sam, who was looking on with fear. 'I can explain!' 'Then do it quick. I just took a bullet because of you!' Jimmy came over, pliers in hand. He reached into HIMSELF and pulled out a bullet casing. Fucking disgusting, but pretty cool. 'I don't even wanna know, how you did that, just...Just get their guns. Now you, get to talking.' Sam sighed. 'When you were in the house, a zombie shambled up behind us. We didn't hear him, cause of the gunshots and stuff, and he got James,' She lifted up his sleeve, showing a clear bite mark. 'But I was scared if you found out, so I didn't tell you!' Paige nodded, next to Sam. Alex was looking around, like his parents were having an argument. James just looked at the ground, no emotion whatsoever. 'Well, fuck me. Now what?' Jimmy was...Oh my god! He fucking lit the lighter, and is holding over his gunshot!

'Jesus Christ, Jimmy! Fucking stop that!' He looked up, annoyed. 'Hey, fuck you, Vince! I took a bullet in the chest for your girlfriend, and the last time I checked, you pussied out and took a little nap, while she operated on you, so fuck you,' He pointed to me. 'Fuck you,' He pointed to Sam. 'And fuck you, especially!' He pointed to James, still looking at the ground. 'Can we all get back in the damn car?' Rich opened up the driver's door and got in. 'I'm driving this time. Why the hell did I agree to this? You come to my door, damn near break my nose, Jimmy comes out of nowhere, like who the hell are you? You destroy my farm practically, and now you're gonna argue about this shit? Screw you all! Okay, maybe not Jimmy, he's pretty cool. Now get in the car, before I kill all of you.' 'You know that's a good point, Who the hell are you Jimmy?' 'I said get in the fucking car!'

As we drove in, I wasn't expecting it to look so...nice. Florida was how I remembered it, you know, a little dirty, but there weren't \_any\_ walkers, anywhere. We turned the corner, and there were actual people, walking on the sidewalk! Gates blocked off some parts of the city, and soldiers were keeping watch. We seemed to have came across a town. I know, because a banner, hung between two buildings, proudly saying, '\*\*Welcome to Apocalypse\*\*' Okay, I know Apocalypse means, reborn, or rebirth or some shit like that. But why would you name a town, fucking Apocalypse?! I'm sure moral is high here. People were scattered everywhere, and it reminded me of those old western movies. There was even a town center. 'I like this place.' Sam noted. 'I do too, but...' I was stopped, by someone literally stopping us. We didn't need to roll down the window, thanks to those other assholes. He was dressed in, what looked to me, as a sheriff. Not an old western one, but in a sheriff's uniform. 'You guys just rolled in here?' 'Yeah, but we're actually looking for a friend of mine.' 'I see, I see. But, because of our great mayor, there's only one way to get past this town, and out into the rest of Florida, and that is to do the mayor a favor. Not that I see why you'd want to leave anyway.' A favor? 'What kind of favor?' 'Well, the mayor is gonna get to know you. Once that happens, he'll give you a task, could be a day after that, could be a year. And the favor? Could be, go grab me a can of beans, to go clear out a raiding camp.' Wow, and I thought only I could delay this trip longer. 'So, where should we go? Well, if I were you, I'd go into the hotel over there, and rent a room.' He pointed to a hotel about 100 yards away. 'We don't ask you to pay anything, as long as you don't cause trouble, and get your ass a job, you'll be fine.' 'How big is this town? There's a lot of shit here.' 'Bout the size of a small neighborhood.'

'When you're ready to talk to the mayor, don't worry. He'll find you.' And with that ominous ending, he took off. And by took off, he just walked down the road, like I can still see him walking. All of sudden, the door opened and Jimmy came back into the ca-wait what? 'I checked the perimeter. Gates all over, the only exit is watched and, again, is a huge fucking gate.' '...When the fuck did you leave?'

...

We walked into the lobby of the hotel, a lot cleaner than I expected. This was probably the last hope of civilization in this world. A woman stood behind the reception desk, but with no uniform. 'You lot are new, would you like to book a room? You all would probably take

up three.' 'That's fine. Do I just go get a room, or?...'' She handed me some keys. 'These are your room keys. We don't have computers, so we just write in marker on the keys, which are open, and which are not.' I looked at my key. Room 403. 'Thank you.' We walked up the stairs, considering the elevator wasn't an option, to the fourth floor. 'Vince, how bout Alex, James and I take this one?' Sam asked. 'Sure. Jimmy, Paige, Rich, you guys want this one?' I threw them a key. 'Yeah. That's fine Vinz.' Paige said. You know, I think those were her first words in like ten chapt-I mean hours. I don't even wanna know why all three of them agreed to sleep in the same room. It was a nice room, 2 beds and a sofa. And a TV, but God knows if it works. Fucking idiots, I got my own room! Now that's nice. 'Alright everyone. It's pretty late, and we had a long day. It's time to get some rest. I'll wake everyone in the morning. Goodnight.' Everyone said their goodbyes and retreated into their rooms. I opened my door, no need to lock it, walked to the bedroom, and sat down. What is going on? I went over to the chair, sat down and looked out the window. Fences surrounding the city from the outside. There's a lot of people here, on the sidewalks, in the road. We parked our car in the parking lot, surprisingly not the only one there. Could Kenny be here?

I dozed off in my chair, too tired to go back to bed, when I heard a click. I sat up, ready to stand up and fight if necessary. Sam walked into view. She leaned against the doorway, in a shirt, but no jeans. She had panties on, but besides the shirt, that was on. Me? I had on a black button down shirt, and black jeans. I still hadn't bothered to remove my shoes; converse high tops. 'Can I stay?...'' She asked, but seeing my, I dare say, love interest, in practically nothing, made the answer easy. I walked over to her. I stood extremely close, and spoke into her ear. 'Why do you like me Sam?'' I was curious, but I also took this time to grab her around the waist and pull her closer. 'Because you're the only person I feel safe around...You're funny, cute, and you saved my life like a hundred fucking times...I thought...Maybe we should spend a little time together...?' That was all the invitation I needed. I leaned back and looked into her eyes. I could see nothing, but \_lust.\_ I put my hand on her cheek, and leaned in. Our lips finally locked, and I could feel all the passion, both her and I had stored for each other, all in this one kiss. I wrapped my arms around her and picked her up, never breaking the kiss. She giggled slightly as I led her to my bed and laid her down. Wait! Remember you fucking idiot, you said you wouldn't do this. \_Hey! Asshole! Don't even think of getting some morals, or shit like that right now. Just do it. For me.\_ Okay, why are you in my head?...Chrissy?...Fine, screw it. We could die tomorrow, but as long as she's with me, I couldn't care less.

## 12. Chapter 12

\_She hadn't bumped into him from the front, but right into his back. He stood still even after she dusted herself off. 'Um...Sir?' He turned around, and that's when she actually noticed him. His skin was an awful blue complexion, and his arms and legs were scratched and bruised. His hair was a disgusting mess, and his clothes were dirty, and missing some pieces. He turned around now. He was missing his entire bottom jaw, and his left eyeball was hanging on his cheek. 'What the fuck...'' The man made horrible gurgling noises, and raised his arms up. He started to advance towards Sam. 'What are you?!'' She turned around and took off back towards her house. As she ran,

the van from earlier rolled past her. The window was rolled down and she could see a man in the passenger seat. They locked eyes, and she saw his attire. A black button down shirt, gloves and a black Fedora.\_

I woke up. I had my arm draped over her, and we were facing each other. She was still asleep, so I was careful not to wake her as I slid out of bed. I still have my jeans on? I guess we only...Good. She looks so peaceful. What time is it? I walked over to the window and saw it must have been about 9:00 AM, as people were leaving their homes and the sun is up. I guess I should go get dressed. After getting my shirt back on and put on my shoes, I walked out of the room and went back to the lobby. The woman was still there, looking way to cheery than she should. 'Hey...Um, do you guys have any clothing or...?' 'If you're looking for new clothing, try the Omnipotent. If you're looking for specific clothes, the girl there can show you where they are, or the tailors can have it made.' 'Thank you.' I exited the hotel, immediately feeling the warm Florida temperature I was so used to. The town was small enough, you could see most stores from a standing view. The Omnipotent looked like a regular building from the outside, and I would've passed it if it wasn't for the banner hanging above it, shouting it's name. I entered, and it looked like a extremely small clothes store. There were no racks, so everything was stored on shelves. There was a good looking blonde behind the desk. 'Hi. Looking for anything in particular?' 'Do you guys have Jackets?' 'Yes, we do. In the back. Once you find what you're looking for, just take it with you.' You can just take clothes? No money? Nice! 'Thank you.' I went to the back of the store, noticing there were about five other people with me, and saw a couple jackets hanging off the shelf. I picked up one, a black jacket, with red sleeves. I also picked up some under shirts, nothing special.

'Oh god...' 'What? Aren't you happy to see me, Darlin?'' Whoever said that, that is the fucking ugliest southern accent I've ever heard in my entire life, and I killed Randall. 'Look, if you're gonna get clothes, get them, and leave. If not, leave. It's very simple.' I turned around and saw a tall, redneck looking guy talking to the girl, obviously flirting. 'That's funny, cause it looks like you're wearin too much clothes! Maybe, I could help you with that?'' 'First of all, that's the dumbest pickup line I've ever heard. Second of all, you know I have a boyfriend, not that I wouldn't turn you're country ass down once you walked up to me. Please, just fuck off.' He got immediately red, as all the people in the store were now staring at this exchange. He reached over the counter, pulling the girl towards him. 'Listen here, you little bitch! The last person that disrespected me, ended up as one of those walkers-' 'The last person that disrespected me, ended up with the bones in his fingers disintegrated, and a fucking wrench smashed against his head.' I walked up to country boy, and he let go of the girl. 'You think you're tough, boy? You ain't shit! Tim of The Firm? I put a bullet in his head!'' Tim? The firm? This motherfucker's stealing my glory? The fucking lapdog? How did he even find out about that? 'You shot Tim?'' 'That's what I said, ain't it?'' 'I see. You could've shoved a bullet into his skull, but you didn't pull the trigger. I remember the look on his face, as I grabbed his Bodyguard's pistol and deposited one in his throat. Then, I looked at him, and shot him between the eyes. His other bodyguard didn't even have time to get up. After that, I jumped out of the window, and into the forest. They've been hunting me ever since.' He let out a really obnoxious

laugh. ''Yeah, whatever you say. I killed a member of the fucking firm! I bet you ain't ever killed a living, breathing man, have you?'' ''Sure you did. You killed him.''

I ducked down, and came up with a right hook. It connected square with his jaw, sending him sprawling across the counter. The crowd was shocked that this tough guy got put on the ground with one punch. ''You-You bastard! You're gonna fuckin pay!'' He stood up and swung wildly at my head. I rolled under it easily, and countered with a right cross, knocking him back. He tried to grab me, but I slipped out of the way, now behind him. The girl behind the counter handed me a Baton. It looked like one that police would get, a collapsible one. I swung at the back of his head with the baton, knocking him out cold and ending the fight. Huh. That was...Interesting. First day in town and almost killed someone. ''Well, you really did a number on him, huh?'' The girl behind the counter said. ''I've never seen you around here before. Name's Carey. I'm sure the mayor would want to speak with you know. Go outside, his house is directly across the street. Thank you, by the way.'' I just nodded, and gathered up the clothes. The five guys in the store picked up the hillbilly and carried him outside. I guess they have a doctor in this town. I exited the store, and decided to go to the Mayor first. If she didn't tell me it was his house, I would've never guessed the town leader would live here. Stepping into the house, it looked way more extravagant than from outside. A nice red carpet, leading up the stairs to the second room. The first floor led to a dining room that looked identical to the one from The Quick and the Dead, but looked kinda...cheap. I don't know how to explain it. ''Ah! A new town member!'' A man, maybe 50-60 appeared from a door on the second floor. ''And who do I owe the pleasure?'' ''My name's Vincent. I arrived with my group.'' He started to walk down the stairs. ''Great. We can use more members in our town. I know it's kind of small now, but give it some time and it will be the first full scale city in the new world!'' Talk about melodrama. He walked up to me and extended his hand.

I shook his hand firmly. ''My name is Hoodoo. Hoodoo Brown. I own this fine little town, which means I know everything that goes on. When you were beating up Country Boy, I knew about it before you even won it. Now, if you weren't in the right, I would've kicked your ass, but since you were, and you were protecting one of my citizens, you're on my radar now. In fact, you might get a favor. The sheriff must've told you how valuable those are, so consider yourself lucky.'' Well, that was quick. Soon as I get out of this town, the better. ''I need to ask you something mayor. I believe you might know of the man. His name is Kenny?'' He never gave me his last name, I just realized that. Hoodoo's eyes seemed to have gotten wider as I said that. ''Kenny? Kenny is-well, was a great man. He was one of my first citizens, yes, him and that little girl of his.'' Little girl? ''Clementine was her name. He told me of the things she went through. I'll tell you, kid like that? Tougher than nails. Fucking dead eye, with a pistol. Kenny skipped town, thinking he could go to the coast. I didn't agree, so- I mean, tried to convince him, but he didn't care. He left, with her.'' Fuck. Well, at least he had the same idea. Shit! The soldiers! They're gonna find them soon. ''I see. So do I got my favor?'' He looked up in thought, and finally, ''Give me till tomorrow, you'll get your favor then.''

I walked into the hotel room. I'd only been gone for maybe twenty minutes, so I didn't expect her to be up. I changed my clothes, feeling a lot better. I walked over to the side of her bed. ''Sam.''



I whispered. She stirred a little, till she finally looked up at me. 'Hey, where've you been?' 'Nowhere. Picked up some clothes and talked to the mayor. Oh, and almost killed someone.' She sighed a little. 'Dammit, Vince. I hope you had a good reason.' 'I did. Now, we gotta talk about something.' She sat up. 'It's about James, isn't it?' 'Everyone turns in at most two days...It's been a day and a half...' She got out of bed, still with no pants. Not that I was complaining. She walked over and hugged me, burying her face into my shoulder. 'I-I Can't lose him Vince...' I wrapped my arms around her. 'I know, I know. Listen, maybe it's just...Look, I don't know, but goddammit, he won't die. I promise you that.' 'But he will die Vincent! There's no cure!' We just stood there, in a hug. 'Look, get dressed, I'll go wake everyone up. Everything is gonna be alright. We'll find a way. I promise.' I left the room and knocked on Paige's door. Jimmy opened it up. 'Hey, mate! Rich left a while ago, so Paige and I-' 'Why the fuck are you not wearing pants? No. No! Come on Jimmy!' 'Come on Jimmy? What were you doing last night?' '...That's what I thought. We're both pieces of shit, but that's good. Oh yeah, and that hillbilly I saw you fight-' 'Wait, you saw that?' 'I saw the fucker being wheeled out, so I assumed it was you. Anyway, right before you knocked, I saw him coming inside the hotel. Wanna go get rid of him?' I shrugged. 'Fuck it. I'm in.' Jimmy got on his pants, and we advanced to the stairwell. As we walked down, I saw him. 'Hey, Asshole! You got lucky! Now fight like a real man.' He had a bruise on his chin, and a cut on his eye. I advanced towards him, hands up. Before I reached the same level as him, he grabbed me from the stairs, picked me the fuck up, and slammed me against the wall. 'Fuck! Jimmy!' Jimmy jumped down the stairs and kneed him in the balls from behind. The guy dropped me, and delivered a quick jab in his face. He stumbled back, turning around, right into Jimmy's fist. The force of the hit was so much, it turned him back to me, so I gave him a powerful left hook.

Immediately after that, Jimmy grabbed the guy from behind and threw him down the stairs. The guy tumbled down, hitting his head on the ground level, cracking it open, letting blood flow freely. 'Goddammit Jimmy! I asked for you to help, not fucking kill the guy.' 'My bad, my bad. Well, at least he won't be a problem.' 'OH! What the fuck!' Some guy just opened up the stairwell door to a...Well, this. He sprinted out before we even knew what was happening. 'That? Well, that's a problem.'

End  
file.